Volume LXXXII CHICAGO, January 23, 1919 Number 20

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

## *A PRAYER

Infinite Nearness! Thee I see revealed
  In song of bird, the flower at my door,—
The happy laughter of a little child,—
  The star at night, the pebble on the shore,—
Each unto each allied, and all to thee,—
Thou tender, loving, grand reality,—
    Who art so near, so near!

Mystery shrouds thee, but today I saw
  Thee mirrored in a glance of mother-love,—
A bitter word unsaid brought God-born strength
  Akin to that for which the martyrs strove,—
And, growing from a small, unselfish deed,
Came that rare peace for which the angels plead,—
    So near Thou art,—so near!

Infinite Nearness! Tell me not of God
  Who dwells afar, apart, in other spheres,—
My Father's here,—he shares my common life,—
  Inspires my duties, and allays my fears,—
And when night falls, like tired child I creep
Into His arms, who loveth all, to sleep,—
    He is so near, so dear!

—*Althea A. Ogden*

*From a prayer by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1919 Number 20

## THE ROAD TO GOD

It matters not which road I take,
How dark or lone it be,—
I know, O God, 'twill somewhere join
The road that leads to thee.

I make mistakes, wrong turns I take,—
The right way do not see,—
Though long and hard I make my road
'Twill join the road to thee.

Calm is my soul, my trusting heart
From doubt and fear is free—
For soon or late all roads will join
The road that leads to thee.

—*Althea A. Ogden.*

In our last issue we printed the resolutions adopted at a mass meeting held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre January 12 in the interest of a league of nations which shall forever declare war illegal. These resolutions were at once cabled to Versailles. Following we print an interesting endorsement received from Mr. Justice Clarke of the United States Supreme Court to Mr. S. O. Levinson, chairman of the meeting. The telegram came too late to appear last week.

I am sorry I cannot be with you Sunday evening to express my cordial sympathy with the purpose of the meeting to be so appropriately held at Abraham Lincoln Centre. In his valiant struggle for a constructive and healing peace President Wilson deserves and will need the support of a united country. The Peace Conference will result either in a League of Nations to secure the peace of the world or in an angry and sullen truce in which the nations will prepare for another war, the destructiveness of which no man can measure. The choice seems to me to be between the League for permanent peace and a not distant world collapse. All other devices have been tried and have failed.

John H. Clarke, University Club.

Nothing but the pen of a Jonathan Swift could do justice to the present mood of the South, as it faces the prospect of the return and demobilization of the Negro regiments which have seen service in France. These Negroes have in past years been denied all rights and privileges of equal citizenship with whites; through the exigencies of war, they have been challenged to the greatest responsibility and highest honor which can be bestowed upon citizens, that of dying for their country; and they have been deliberately taught the efficacy and justifiability of the use of violence in a just cause! Here is a tangle which may well give others than Southerners and Negroes, pause. It reminds one of the maxim so frequently used in the anti-slavery days—"no question is settled, till it is settled right." J. H. H.

The nation is still breathless as it contemplates the whirlwind triumph of national prohibition. In a night, as it were, a question which has vexed generations of men, is settled; an evil, which lies at the heart of a multitude of our ills, is removed. Nothing could have seemed more remote, a few years ago, than the complete and sudden overthrow of the liquor traffic. It was rooted in human nature, sanctioned by social custom, backed by stupendous commercial interests. For years, the battle seemed utterly forlorn, and its champions sad denizens of Utopia. But today the victory is come. The silent but omnipotent forces of education, persuasion, and moral sentiment have done their work. No battle, not even that against war, need now be regarded as hopeless; and no weapons, save those of mind and heart, need ever again be resorted to for progress. J. H. H.

Profoundly disquieting is the announcement from Paris that the sessions of the Peace Conference are to be held in secret. Agreement has been reached, it is said, to confine the information given to the public to a daily official communique, and to bind the delegates not to discuss or in any way give information of what is said and done behind the closed doors of the Foreign Office. What this means should be obvious even to the most casual observer of international affairs. It is the first and certain step into that atmosphere of diplomatic chicanery which can produce only the kind of imperialistic and therefore sham peace which disgraced the Congress of Vienna, and betrayed the people of Europe, in 1815. Secret sessions will mean secret treaties, secret treaties will mean secret political alliances and trade agreements; secret alliances and trade agreements will mean future wars. Right here, in this single issue, hangs the fate of good or ill for the entire world. If this agreement holds, we may as well prepare for the worst; if it is abrogated in deference to outraged public opinion, we may still have hope. It is encouraging to note that America and England opposed the arrangement. It is difficult to see what else President Wilson could do, or can still do, in view of that one of his fourteen points which refers to "open covenants of peace openly arrived at." J. H. H.

More and more is it becoming evident that the President is faced by almost insuperable difficulties in his high endeavor to secure for mankind a just and therefore enduring peace. As one looks at the

men who are sitting with him at the conference table, there appears no single figure to bear him company in his undertaking. Lloyd George still trails the clouds of glory of his early days as a leader of democratic freedom, but these clouds are trailing very low and are becoming hideously stained in the mire of Toryism. And the other men—Balfour, Bonar Law, Clemenceau, Pichon, Orlando—where is there one among them to support, or even comprehend, the purposes of Wilson? The President has faced just such situations before, on an infinitely smaller scale, in Trenton and Washington; and always he has won out by going straight to the people, telling the story, and asking their support. Will he dare to do this same thing now, in the universal scale demanded by the present world predicament? That he could overthrow any or all of the Allied governments in Europe by a single blunt and fearless word, is certain. No man has ever exercised such potential popular leadership as Mr. Wilson today. This is the bow of Ulysses, which he alone can bend. The whole future security of the race, depends, perhaps, on whether the President will lift this weapon, and straightway put to flight the foes of peace. J. H. H.

---

In an article by Bernard Shaw which appeared in the *Chicago Herald-Examiner* for Sunday, January 19, the first of a series, Mr. Shaw says: "Before peace can be discussed with any profit it must be approached in the light of the facts and not of the romance on which the popular imagination was fed during the war."

It is interesting to note how clearly and fully the "facts" which Bernard Shaw hints at in his article were presented in a book from the pen of Francis Neilson, "How Diplomats Make War," published by B. W. Huebsch, New York, 1915. It is the work of a real democrat whose sympathies are all the time with the people who do not make war but who pay the awful cost of war,—"People who have no ghost of a quarrel with one another and ask nothing better than to be let alone," as Mr. Albert J. Nock says in his illuminating preface. The author writes from an intimate knowledge of conditions. He gives chapter and verse for his statements and deals his blows not at a particular person or power as responsible for the great world catastrophe but at the vicious system which is the hatching ground of war—the system of secret diplomacy.

This book, now in its third edition, has been translated into Swedish, French and Spanish. It is a valuable addition to the working library of those who would intelligently follow the proceedings of the Peace Conference at Versailles. It might well be in the hands of every member of that conference. A conference burdened with the most solemn responsibility ever laid upon human beings—"To every man," says the writer, "who sacrificed his life in this struggle, the people owe, not monuments in stone, but a certain escape for those who live after him from all the secret systems, armament rings and economic wrongs which compelled his sacrifice."

Mr. Neilson draws his conclusions from a wide knowledge of history and a keen insight and sympathy with the struggles and woes of humanity. More fascinating than any novel the whole book is an incentive to try the new and better way—the way of "equal opportunity for all." Hideous as war is, "no war kills so many men as there are children killed year after year by involuntary poverty" and again "It is not fair, not honest indeed, to ask men to lay down their lives for national justice unless you are determined to give those who live individual justice."

---

## A Victory and a Challenge

We are living in such marvelous times that it is almost impossible to step aside long enough to realize how momentous and epoch making are many of the events that are taking place. Thrones are tottering and kings are falling. Among them all the most tyrannical, the most corrupt, is King Alcohol. He has been tried by the people of the United States, found guilty and sentenced to banishment. Long live the people of the United States!

Now all things seem possible. Vice and war will go the same way for the same reasons; religion, morals and industrial efficiency will soon banish them. What a lot of time, trouble and heartache it would save if people could only realize that Jesus was not a fool, but a wise, far seeing statesman.

It has been wonderful to live near this fight against the saloon all one's life. Only forty-five years ago children were afraid to have the father who fought the saloons answer the door bell at night for fear he would be shot down. Then it took moral and physical courage to stand up and stand out against the saloons. The first societies were the Red and Blue Ribbon clubs for men and boys. Local option gained a town, then a county. Then the State Prohibition Amendment enlisted all the zeal and devotion of the lecturers and reformers. How they canvassed every neighborhood! Not a country school house but what had a meeting. That was before the days of good roads or automobiles, but how faithful were the dumb servants of man, the horses! They brought safely home the tired men and women when only their instinct or finer sight kept them in the road so dark were the nights. Then it was moral suasion, an appeal to the emotions, with only occasionally some business man who proclaimed the saloon was wasteful and a business menace. About that time the W. C.

T. U. came into being. Women who could not vote could talk and pray. Frances Willard and her band of women prayed and talked without ceasing. Why should they not, for women have ever been the ones to suffer most from the saloons. Occasionally some woman like Carrie Nation did more than talk, and no one blamed such women much. The Prohibition Party soon came into being with its accusations and heartaches. But as the wiser ones saw, the fight could never be won by partisan politics and the Anti-Saloon League was formed. By non-partisan methods, with the Republicans in Iowa and other northern states and the Democrats in the south, the Anti-Saloon League gradually gained strength and territory. Then competition in industry, the need for efficiency, the industrial insurance, all combined to cause the hard-headed business man to analyze the situation and business joined the preachers, the reformers, the women who voted and the women who prayed, and the fate of the saloon was sealed. Yet how surprised and delighted we were that it was won so easily and so soon! So soon? So easily? Let the heroes and martyrs in our own country of the last hundred years tell if it was easy and if it came so soon.

Now that common sense has at last come to see, what it should always know, that religion is right, and together they have banished the saloon, what are we going to do to meet the real need of men in our cities of places in which to congregate? Say all we can against the saloon, it is still the poor man's club with its demoralizing, corrupting influence, breeding crime and debauching politics. But with all that it answers for a club. The men who are there now will not, after July, come into the churches to rejoice and pray. Besides most churches are open but twice a week and in most of them there is no place for a bum, an outcast. Jesus preached his sermons out of doors and it did not matter to him how bad were the people who came to listen, nor how dirty, but in our days with our Sunday clothes and sanitary souls we have become more particular, and we must acknowledge the churches have no place for the men who now hang out at the saloons. Will we leave it to the devil's disciples to provide for them? For we can rest assured the devil is not dependent on the saloons as his only means of undermining character. The devil's disciples are even now laying their plans to go on with their corruption. What are we doing besides rejoicing in our victory and thanking the Lord for his wonderful goodness to the children of men?

Our victory, like all victories, is a challenge. The men won't come to us; will we go to them? If we do go to them what will we take? Have we learned anything from the Y.M.C.A., the Salvation Army and the K. C.'s over there? The boys are coming home, so glad to be alive they will not care to hear much about the hereafter for a time. They will want and will find some place in which to meet and talk. Life has been a gamble with them and it is not much wonder that gambling has been so much indulged in. The gambling houses are not banished, but many saloons will be for rent next July, their fixtures and furniture will be for lease. We have done much, but if we are worthy of our victory we must do more. The hard work for us of this generation in the fight against the saloons has just begun. O. C. S.

## Althea A. Ogden

All Souls Church, Lincoln Centre and UNITY have all lost a devoted friend and helper, while health and strength lasted, in the passing hence of Althea A. Ogden on Sunday afternoon, January 12. Miss Ogden came from good old American stock from New York State. Very early in life, probably when she was no more than sixteen or seventeen, she became self-supporting and rose in the work of the Internal Revenue Office until she became one of the successful business women of Chicago.

She had a keen mind and a decided aptitude for business, but she was by no means immersed in it. Nothing fine in literature escaped her eager eye and in spite of the severe demands upon her time in the business world, she was a well read woman.

Verse came readily to her pen and numberless occasions were graced by one of her poems. All Souls Sunday School is greatly indebted to her for many of the beautiful songs which the children sing and which were set to music by the late William ApMadoc; perhaps more often, the poem was written to the music. In 1912, her poems were collected in a small volume entitled "Bugle Notes." We quote from the preface, written by Jenkin Lloyd Jones:

> These poems come from a searching eye and an open mind, and will appeal to other hearts thus re-enforced. Others have given generously of things their hands have accumulated, but this woman has given of the rarer, higher, more essential accumulations of soul; for the Lincoln Centre, like Thebes, was reared by the power of the Poet's Lyre.

Almost from its first inception over thirty years ago, she was a devoted attendant at All Souls Church, a willing helper and intelligent supporter of its pastor. During all the years up to within a short time of her death, she was what Mr. Jones lovingly called "our Flower Providence." Sunday after Sunday, the flowers which adorned the desk and beautified the service were her unobtrusive gift. On special occasions, like Easter, Christmas, Flower Sunday and Harvest Festival, she laid her plans weeks ahead, and spring blossoms, pussy willows, water lilies, autumnal foliage, and southern smilax were gathered from all over the country.

She loved flowers and all woodsy things and knew them well, though in the many, many years the present writer has known her, she never took a vacation,

hardly a day off. The first spring blossoms, spring beauties, hepaticas, trilliums, lady slippers, always found their way to her, and through her to the All Souls pulpit and study. A bunch of arbutus which came to the city home prompted the following:

ARBUTUS

Could I once more see the arbutus growing,
Stir the dead leaves at the foot of the tree,—
Catch the first whiff of the incense that's blowing
Straight from the tiny pink blossoms to me!

To kneel in the mold and the leaves on a morning
When I feel the last touch of the frost in the air,—
Scent and not sight being first to give warning
That arbutus blossoms are hiding just there;

Then with my hands full of fragrance and beauty,
Back to the busy town, back to the mart,
Ready again for life's struggle and duty,—
Ready to take the whole world to my heart.

This is literally what she did, "took the whole world to her heart." Sympathy, understanding, the loving heart and the open purse were ever at the disposal of a friend. Heavy burdens, pain and sickness, came to her, all of which she carried heroically. For the last two years she had been confined to bed or to a wheel chair. So when the end came on that Sunday afternoon, it was a cause of rejoicing to those who loved her best. The fine spirit, no longer earth-bound or weighed down by pain and weakness, was at last free to roam the fields of God, to find its own beside the green pastures and the still waters.

Perhaps the dearest wish of her heart was ungratified. Her beloved pastor was not here to speak the last word for her. The funeral services were held at Lincoln Centre on Tuesday afternoon, January 14, and conducted very tenderly by Rev. C. A. Osborne, who knew her well during his work as Secretary of the Congress of Religion. Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson fittingly opened the service with the selection from Handel's Oratorio, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and closed it by singing Miss Ogden's own poem as a benediction.

Father, let thy blessing
Touch us and remain,
Guiding all our actions
Till we meet again.

Father, keep us loving,
Brave and true and free,
Kind to every creature,—
All belong to thee.

Unto all thy children,
Here and every-where,
Father, give the comfort
Of thy loving care.

## The Treatment of Conscientious Objectors

Publicity is at last being given to the condition of the conscientious objector in our military prisons. Three pamphlets are now available containing extracts from letters, diaries and affidavits, and reports by investigators of unquestionable veracity. One of these pamphlets comes from the National Civil Liberties Bureau of New York (41 Union Square), among whose board of directors are Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Rev. Norman Thomas, H. Hollingsworth Wood. This contains a statement of conditions at Fort Jay, N. Y., on August 20, reported by Rabbi Judah L. Magnes and Mr. John S. Codman of New York, and statements as to the Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, based upon letters and documents whose writers are personally known to the editors of the pamphlet.

A second pamphlet is issued by eighteen prisoners at Camp Funston describing their treatment there from September 5 to October 21 last, and was sent by them to the Federal investigator.

The third pamphlet reprints the one last mentioned and two additional extracts from letters and an affidavit, together with a note from the editors, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Chase, Chapin S. Hoskins, Mrs. Lola Lloyd and others of Chicago, and a word of approval signed by such well known Chicago citizens as Dean Robert M. Lovett, Herman Newman, Mrs. Mary H. Wilmarth, and eleven others. This may be obtained from Room 1505, 116 South Michigan Avenue.

The information in the first two pamphlets was laid before Secretary of War Baker, and on December 6 he ordered that the practice of manacling military prisoners by the wrists to the doors of their cells be discontinued, candidly stating that this punishment is no longer effective. The reason for this ineffectiveness is that other prisoners were refusing to work as protest against such treatment of their comrades. Therefore this detail of the treatment, as described in the pamphlets, probably no longer exists, although the Chicago editors say on this point:

> We wish, however, to point out that practically all of the brutalities here enumerated have been contrary to the policy proclaimed by Mr. Baker's department. There is every probability that men in American military institutions are still being tortured for conscience's sake.

Yet when one of the Fort Leavenworth men protested against the various brutalities, the Commandant, Colonel Rice, read him an order from Washington stating that "conscientious objectors who have been sentenced shall be treated as the ordinary criminal soldier."

Turning first to the New York pamphlet, we find among the objectors mentioned such names as Thomas, Rose, Robinson, Reed (colored), Hennessy, Moore (who since his arrival at Fort Leavenworth has received a Carnegie Hero Fund Medal for a gallant rescue from drowning)—names which surely have no taint of a Central European origin. At both Fort Jay and Fort Leavenworth solitary confinement is the punishment for refusal to obey military orders, the cells of the former being on the top floor, "small, and all but completely dark," while the cells at the latter are "black, cold places in the sub-basement." The men are shackled for nine hours a day by their wrists to the bars of the door, frequently in their

underwear and bare feet, often without pails or any other article of any kind in the cell save a dirty blanket, and are fed upon two slices of bread and a pitcher of water three times a day. At Fort Jay fourteen consecutive days of solitary confinement alternate with fourteen days in an enclosure in the prison yard, and this can go on for the twenty or thirty years of their sentences. (In Great Britain even during the heat of the war no sentences were given to objectors longer than two years.) At Fort Leavenworth solitary confinement lasts from fourteen to twenty, thirty, forty and in one case fifty consecutive days. The investigators were allowed to interview three men in solitary cells at Fort Jay. All complained chiefly of the vermin in the cells, making sleep at night after they were unchained "almost impossible, bedbugs and other brown bugs being so numerous that after sleeping spells they had to be brushed off in large quantities from their limbs." As a result of complaint following this investigation, these three men were transferred to Fort Leavenworth a month later, but these cells are still used for punishing military prisoners.

There are some three hundred objectors at Fort Leavenworth under sentences ranging from ten to thirty years. On November 6, nine were in solitary confinement for refusing to engage in prison labor, chained by their wrists nine hours a day. On December 20 at least thirty were in solitary confinement. "Five of these nine were brutally beaten and manhandled." Two Ammish Mennonites, a sect which forbids the wearing of buttons on clothing, could not don the prison uniform. They were "undressed forcibly, led under cold showers and held there from ten to fifteen minutes," washed under the cold spray by a sentry "with a heavy fibre scrubbing brush applied to the body, knocked down on the cement floor," etc., etc., a treatment which "caused these two men to submit to prison labor against their beliefs." This in spite of the announcements from Washington that conscience is not to be coerced. "The water (in the showers) was so cold that most of us spent scarcely three minutes under it. Yet these objectors were held under it for nearly fifteen minutes. One has since gone to the hospital."

On November 18, an investigator from the Civil Liberties Bureau was not allowed to copy the names of any of the men who had died from influenza and was refused information as to the punishment of objectors who refused prison labor.

At Camp Funston the cold shower seems to replace the solitary cell in some degree as a favorite instrument of torture. For example: On October 5 they were ordered to take a cold shower twice. On the next day one man collapsed during the second shower. At midnight of that day all were wakened and ordered to another cold shower. On their refusal they were violently dragged to the shower room and held underneath the spray in their night clothes until exhausted, the officer of the day directing the proceedings.

The following day several men had colds and two were given asparin to induce perspiration and then ordered out with the others for exercise in the rain, and afterwards forced to another cold shower. Still another shower was given in the afternoon and a third one ordered at 8 p. m.

The Captain himself brought scrub-brushes used ordinarily for cleaning toilet-seats and brooms used for sweeping and ordered that we scrub each other with them. Franklin refused to use the filthy brush. He was seized and roughly thrown to the cement floor, dragged back and forth and viciously belabored until thoroughly exhausted. He was then placed under the cold spray and left there until he collapsed.

On recovery he became hysterical. He was suffering from myocarditis and an appeal on this account to see the Post Commander was refused though the Captain said he was carrying out the commander's orders in treating the men this way.

The next day at the 8 p. m. cold shower one of the men heard the Captain say of a victim being held under the spray, "If he suffers, keep him there; if he isn't suffering, let him go." Franklin, after his collapse the previous evening, "was given an extra dose and again collapsed." At 10:30 a. m. another shower, at which another man became hysterical and then went into a state of coma—and so the shameful chronicle goes on through sixteen long pages of detailed accounts.

An affidavit in this pamphlet records that Mr. Kaplan was forced to remain seated while cold water was trickled on his head until he fainted and Mr. Hennessy was bound with his hands above his head in a manner so painful that he felt his arms were being broken and the pain caused him to scream repeatedly. While in this position the hose was played first upon one side and then upon the other under the supervision of the officer of the day.

Another letter tells of two attempts at hanging an objector, once in his room and once on the porch, the noose being tightened and the man lifted by it. Then with a knife, pliers and scissors they cut his hair, "tore it out and took pieces of flesh with it."

A word must be said as to these men who suffer such indignities. Some are objectors to war on religious, some on social, some on humanitarian grounds, some for all these reasons. Some have refused to work because the work seemed to them only a substitute for the non-combatant service they have already refused, especially when it relieves other men for military service. Others have failed to comply because they believe obedience to any military order a recognition of the principle of conscription which they believe must be condemned before the world can be safe for democracy. Still others finally refused work as a protest against such brutalities as those described above. "Rather than acquiesce in such wrong, they would share the suffering." Right or wrong, these men are standing for what they believe to be right; theirs is that same blood of the martyrs that through all the ages has been the seed of the church.

But even were they criminals of the most degraded type, such treatment has long been accounted a thing of the past in all prison discipline. Of course, as Mr. Holmes so ably pointed out in a recent UNITY, the real remedy is the release from prison of all political prisoners. But in the meantime, the existence of such barbarism under the direction and sanction of U. S. officials is a stain upon the nation. Moreover the brutalizing of the soldiers who either from choice or under orders from their superior officers participate in and watch the inflicting of these tortures upon innocent fellow humans is perhaps a more serious evil than the torture itself. Of this an officer

of the guard has written that it was designed "to break men in body and soul."

Rev. Norman Thomas in a letter to the *New Republic* of January 4 writes that one man has been declared insane at Fort Leavenworth and two more are in the observation ward, the third being one who sent out in the beginning some of the information of the treatment there. "For this he has been the target of persistent persecution. This man, according to the statements of his friends, is in fear either of his life or his reason because of the conditions of his confinement."

Lack of space prevents more complete description of these documents, but we hope every UNITY reader will send for the pamphlets and become informed upon these most un-American conditions.

S. M. QUACKENBUSH.

## THE STUDY TABLE

### The Thought of God*

The directness of the title of the little book, "The Thought of God," is also in the content: God within, the indwelling God, and the thought of God as the thought of essential living.

Over and over the lovely burden runs through the volume:

> Thou shalt not want for company
> Nor pitch thy tent alone;
> The indwelling God will go with thee
> And show thee of his own.
>
> O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
> That God should condescend
> To make thy heart his dwelling-place
> And be thy daily Friend!
>
> Then go not thou in search of him,
> But to thyself repair;
> Wait thou within the silence dim
> And thou shalt find him there!

Always it is:

> Oh God within, so close to me
> That every thought is plain.

And

> He hides himself within the love
> Of those whom we love best.

And

> Our creeds they rise and fall.
> The life of God within the soul
> Lives and outlasts them all.

Ever the "Someone-with-her felt" makes the tender repetend of the book. God within, without, in love, in beauty, in friendship, in world-aim, that is the open secret which the poems and hymns have set themselves to share.

Poetry is essentially the language of the experiences of the soul—in spite of the momentary tendency now to use it to paint exquisite externals. But hymns have gone far from their function, and this book restores them to their mission. It keeps the heritage of the old airs of the church—all through the book these sing and give one realization of the ordinary hymns' richness in music and persistent poverty in poem. The book has kept and glorified these airs, literally magnetized as they are by old world-choirs—and has set to their measures the thought of God instead of some of the old incredible lines: "The Son of God goes forth to war, a kingly crown to gain," and "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve."

Here, for example, is a hymn for the new day in Mr. Hosmer's "The Prophecy Sublime," written in 1904:

> Thy kingdom come, O Lord,
> Wide-circling as the sun;
> Fulfil of old thy word
> And make the nations one:
>
> One in the bond of peace,
> The service glad and free
> Of truth and righteousness,
> Of love and equity.
>
> Speed, speed the longed-for time
> Foretold by raptured seers,—
> The prophecy sublime,
> The hope of all the years:
>
> Till rise in ordered plan
> On firm foundations broad
> The commonwealth of man,
> The City of our God!

This note was struck more than once, by both poets, back in the days when the idea of a federation of the world was a dream, with other dreams soon now to come to realization.

All through the book is the note of heavenly tolerance—one of the last fruits of wisdom—and, as in "Poem and Dogma," the ripe understanding that

> . . . . all the world's old dogmas are
> Its poems petrified.

and yet the serene certainty, too, that

> They dared to trust the spirit's lead
> Nor deemed its latest word its last.

Profound spiritual truths are touched in a line—

> What power (is born) of being spent

—a precious lesson, a true gift when at last it is learned. And again in Mr. Gannett's "We See As We Are":

> The poem hangs on the berry-bush,
> When comes the poet's eye;
> The street begins to masquerade,
> When Shakespeare passes by.
>
> The Christ sees white in Judas' heart,
> He loves his traitor well;
> And God, to angel his new Heaven,
> Explores his lowest Hell.

This poem is dated 1885, and one's heart goes out to this singer who has been believing all these years what the new sociology is only now discovering. Poets always know first.

The unbearable pathos of "The Negro Burying-ground" gives one a haunting memory—one of the flashes after which life is not the same: The sunset, the troop of tattered children circling the grave, chanting that which the lips below had taught them: "A B C D E F G—over and over they sang it slow—"

> The holiest hymn that the children knew!
> 'Twas dreams come real, and heaven come near;
> 'Twas light, and liberty, and joy,
> And "white-folks'-sense,"—and God right here!
> Over and over; they dimly felt
> *This* was the charm could make black white,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And this, unknown, made the negro's night.

That picture of the dusky children, "facing the

*The Thought of God in Hymns and Poems. Three series in one. Frederick L. Hosmer and William C. Gannett. The Beacon Press, 25 Beacon St., Boston. $1.35 net, $1.45 by mail.

mystery Death" with the deepest magic that they could conceive, holds up the injustice which the future may read better than we can read.

Another, of a different poignancy, is "The Old Watertown Burying-ground," with its "finding and loving again of the parish saint," Lydia Bailey, who died April, 1691, "in ye thirty-ninth yeare of her age."

One of the gems of the book is "Kindergartners," written for the Rochester kindergarten conference in 1904—if God were to bid:

> Come, star with me the spaces of my night,
> Or fashion forth the crystals of my snow,
> Or tone with me to-morrow's sunset light,
> Or teach my sweet June roses next to blow,—

there would be sheer wonder; but instead he says:

> Help me, O comrades, flower this little Soul.

The book abounds in loving personal tributes and poems—one to "J. Ll. J. on his birthday in 1887," is called "Incarnate Cheer," and the line set at the beginning is J. Ll. J.'s own little jest: "Haven't I a right to be grave, too, sometimes?" But Mr. Gannett says:

> No rights of gravity to thee, dear friend!
> We need one face about our world to mend
> Heart's hurt and set jarred minds in tune,
> And sure to do this as the blessed June;
> One voice whose bell shall ring away all fear;
> One hand in which we grasp "incarnate cheer";
> One steadfast smile rayed out from eyes alight,
> To make men say, "He's come! Now all is right!"

And another is "A. L. G."—Mr. Gannett's poem to his unknown mother, and Mr. Hosmer's "Rembrandt"—to him who "saw glory in the common and the near."

Always these two poets are tender of him who bears the banner of new causes, the few who herald the coming of all new light and are themselves outcast because they dare to be heralds—

> "Pickets of peace today, in friendless causes new."

A book about God and his nearness to and identity with the soul of man. And the range is from the divine significance of "the common and the near" away to those subtle manifestations of God to which the two singing hearts are tenderly attuned. Again and again there is a touch of the language of the mystic, reminding us how essentially Christianity voices the transcendental, the esoteric, as do all great religions; but now the transcendental spoken clear for who hath ears. A book which says with passion that only in proportion as we know God do we ever meet that silent stranger and friend who is ourselves.

ZONA GALE.

---

TWENTY THOUSAND DAYS UNDER THE SUN.

> Lo I have lived these twenty thousand days,
> And every day has been a year to me,
> Each morning springtime, with its ecstasy
> Of bud and leaf and song-bird's rapturous praise,
> And every noon a summer, soft with haze,
> With some fair harvest, rippling like a sea.
> And every eve has brought its Christmas tree,
> Its holly-berries, and its yule-log's blaze.
>
> There have been springtime frosts, and summer blast,
> And drear November skies, and withered leaf,
> Hours that were wild and wet with gusts of grief,
> Hours when the very heart seemed frozen fast
> But now my full score thousand days appear
> Each one with all the fulness of a year.
>
> —*Robert Whitaker.*

*East Side Jail, Los Angeles, Cal., June* 13, 1918.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

## The History and Practice of Religion

### *A Seven Year Course*

**Formerly directed by Jenkin Lloyd Jones and still pursued by the Religious Study Classes and Sunday School of All Souls Church, Chicago.**

### *The Second Year*

### The Religions of the Elder World

## I.—Introductory Lesson

*"The soul of man is widening towards the past."*
*—George Eliot.*

The second year's work in our Seven Years' Course is a tremendous undertaking. It is a pretentious and impossible course, not from poverty of material but from the wealth of it. Last year we dealt with the pre-historic period and on that account largely pre-priestly, pre-ecclesiastic, pre-church. We found that the world has been spinning in space a very long while, and that mankind had been on the earth a very long time. In the light of such study systematized religion is a very recent product. Man's corporate relations, hopes, fears, aspirations, the dreads we call superstitions,—rather shall we call them faiths,—gradually became systematic, organized, coherent, until finally they took upon themselves literatures, scriptures, priests and ceremonies. Thus there come into our studies the organized religions that we can put our fingers on. While man lived in a tent he moved away and left no traces; but when he built a bamboo shack it lasted as long as he did; when he began to build in stone and brick the architectural forms survived even the stone and brick. The Greek and Egyptian temples have fallen but the types remain. We will study the survival of the faiths that were in a spiritual sense architectural.

Gradually as life developed religions formulated themselves like the planets in our system, out of nebulous masses that gathered into impersonal coherent systems. We cannot tell just when they came. We cannot trace them to one time or any one man. These impersonal systems are the religions of Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, Shintoism in Japan and Brahminism in India.

A map will help us to realize that the civilizations which produced these religions developed near great waterways, along river banks, where grew commerce and art. The first civilization that we shall study grew strong in the Valley of the Nile and perhaps the oldest religion formulated itself there. The Nile produced no great prophets but it did produce great religious institutions and perhaps the most magnificent temples that have ever been produced. We find in the Valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates, in the "middle land," which is the meaning of the word Mesopotamia, a developed civilization rich in religion. Probably later in time is that great civilization that came into being along the Ganges River, which produced the religion we speak of as Brahminism or Hinduism, which branched into three great systems, the spiritual architecture of which is still the object of study. The vast civilization of China also developed a system of religion. Over in that quaint and cu-

rious little kingdom of Japan is a strain of religion that seems to have in it the power of modern adjustment.

A few times in the history of the world there has come a combination of high opportunity and power that has given us a personality so spiritually compelling, potent, transcendant in power that it has left its mark for all time, cast a shadow through all the centuries and lifted religion on a higher plane. We have had seven such men in the history of the world, seven founders of religions that have abided and exerted tremendous power.

The Hebrew religion is in the line of our inheritance to which we will devote a year's study and somewhere between the Nile and the Jordan came the great personality we call Moses.

In the northern part of Asia there sprang up a leader whom we call Zoroaster, who gave rise to the religious sect, sometimes called Parsee, often miscalled sun-worshippers. His was a magnificent personality.

A river valley in China with its vast, incoherent mass of life gave to the world a great religious teacher, Confucius, who was priest and law-giver, a man also possessed of a compelling personality.

In mystic India, on the banks of the Ganges, arose a man whom we know as Buddha, who gave rise to the most populous personal religion the world has ever known; Buddhism largely outnumbers Christianity. We will be interested in studying this "Light of Asia" who today has 500,000,000 followers with 200 temples in Benares alone.

Greece had her Socrates to whom was given the power but not the opportunity. For some reason Socrates appeared when Greece was disintegrating. Judged by the clearness of his thought, the purity of his life and the originality of his message, he belongs in the list of the seven great teachers though he left no religious system.

Next in order of time, nearly 2,000 years ago, in the hill country of the valley of the Jordan, in the home of a carpenter was born one who is called "The Light of the World," whose gospel is so simple and compelling that it is the hope of the universe. There are no mysteries about the Christian faith, and no complications except those built up by theologians since the time of Christ. This year's study will show us how much of the pure ethics of Christianity is borrowed from the religions of the elder world.

Six centuries after Jesus, out of the heart of the Orient, charged with Judaism and a kind of Christianity, out of the hard, meager desert life of Arabia, there developed another man who had potency enough to lift a nomadic, superstitious, grim people into a people of great persistency and great power. That man was Mohammed.

Next to great rivers in the work of promoting civilization come available ports and harbors. The early peoples did not venture beyond the sight of land. To them the known world was a great plain surrounded by salt water. The Mediterranean, as the name indicates, was the "middle of the land." Each little group of inhabitants knew very little about the country beyond its own boundaries.

Great cities sprang up. Egypt built along the Nile with Cairo and Alexandria at its mouth. At the time of which we are to study Damascus looked out on the Mediterranean, Bagdad on the Euphrates, Calcutta and Benares on the Ganges. China with her two great rivers and three table land caravan routes, teemed with population, and her great coast cities swarmed with traders from all over the world. The Greeks sailed all around the eastern Mediterranean and dotted the coast of the Black Sea with cities, one of which, Byzantium, now Constantinople, was destined to be of world importance and always a bone of contention, because the key of commerce between the orient and the occident.

After a while human nature became sufficiently coherent and co-operative to venture inland, and the next high development was that of good roads. The civilizations of Europe and the East finally found each other and signalled across the distances and made great pathways, routes by which the commodities of Europe could be exchanged for the commodities of Mesopotamia. Homer and Herodotus were the great travelers of their time. Herodotus, known as the Father of History, might also be called the Father of Geography. He traveled in Egypt, Babylon and Persia, even into southern Russia and western China, and about 444 B. C. wrote an interesting history.

About 1300 B. C. the warlike Assyrians from northern Asia Minor had annexed Babylon and Chaldea to their own country under the name Babylonia. In 538 this rich kingdom passed under the power of Cyrus the Great when that ambitious ruler of Persia spread his domain from Egypt nearly to the borders of India. Two hundred years later, 334 to 323 B. C., Alexander conquered the same land together with the part of India watered by the Indus, and the Valley of the Nile. Alexander established the Greek government, built cities, established libraries and schools for young men, promoted every kind of knowledge and encouraged explorers, sailors, etc., to tell what they had seen. A Greek scholar, Eratosthenes, librarian of Alexandria, was the first to attempt any accurate measurement of the earth.

While Cyrus reigned in Persia the Romans had been obtaining supremacy in Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean, and by the second century B. C. had crossed the Rubicon and entered Gaul. In the same century Greece fell into their hands and a large part of Alexander's empire followed. The secret of Rome's success in extending and holding her power seems to have been her careful preparation for conquest in building her wonderful roads by which men and supplies were transported.

In this year's study we will find that racial characteristics are superficial and not permanent. We will find that one prophet signalled another across the centuries and across the continents and that then as now they spoke one language. We will find that one race vies with another in its pathetic and heroic struggle to climb upward into the sunlight, and that "God hath made one all nations of men."

QUESTIONS.

(1) Is it possible to trace the rise of what may be called the five impersonal religions?

(2) In what country did each develop?

(3) Mention some of the early important steps in the progress of civilization.

(4) After taking a bird's eye view of the centuries preceding Alexander what are your conclusions as to race distinctions?

## THE FIELD

*"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"*

### THE NEW LABOR PARTY.

Trade unionists of New York City and other cities launched a labor party on Sunday, January 12. Their tentative program, patterned in principle at least on the British Labor Party, favors a free press and free assemblage, public works to prevent unemployment following the closing of war industries and demobilization, public ownership of public utilities, encouragement of agriculture and the reduction of the cost of living, democratic control of industry and commerce, the creation of a department of education with a member of the Cabinet at its head, the administration of local educational systems by elective and paid boards of education, college and university training free to all who are qualified, the universal enforcement of the American standard of living, equal rights for men and women, complete equality of men and women in government and industry, with fullest enfranchisement of women and equal pay for equal work, representation of labor in proportion to its voting strength in all departments of government and upon all government commissions and agencies of demobilization and reconstruction, referendum prior to the declaration of war, and the program unequivocally opposes universal compulsory military training in times of peace. It urges the establishment of an international league of workers to supplement a league of nations. On taxation the program says: "We favor (*a*) 100 per cent tax on all annual individual incomes above $100,000, and in addition, taxation to eliminate excessive inheritances, (*b*) a progressive increase in taxes upon all profits, unearned increments and incomes, (*c*) the use of public profits from nationally-owned utilities and resources, and the use of revenue derived from a system of taxation on land values which will stimulate rather than retard production."

—*The Public.*

### PEACE OR ARMED PEACE?

A document which is well worth our readers' attention is an open letter which Amos Pinchot has recently addressed to the American representatives at the coming International Peace Conference (a copy of which may be obtained at the cost of postage, five cents, from Mr. Pinchot at 101 Park Avenue, New York City). It is entitled "Peace or Armed Peace?" With lucidity and force Mr. Pinchot reviews the struggle of the great financial interests for world markets, carried on under the cloak of patriotism and in an atmosphere of secret diplomacy, which led at last to the world war. He points out that there can be no real peace if these same policies and this same exploitation are to prevail after the war—though now perhaps on an even larger scale. Already economic interests are directing the attack on Russia and the threats against socialistic Germany. Already it finds expression in the plans of our financiers for the kind of peace which, to quote Mr. Pinchot's banker friend, "will bring incalculable benefits to America, for it will result in an Anglo-French-American banking and business supremacy. . . . England and France are the older and receding civilizations, and America the youthful giant of the future, but, of course, American people need discipline."

This frank point of view will not be presented to the public in all its nakedness. It will be fully adorned in patriotic glory. No conceivable scheme of a League of Nations will avail us anything if we continue idle and indifferent as to the facts which for those who have eyes to see stand out in these days as plain as a pike staff.

—*The World Tomorrow.*

### WHAT I EXPECT OF RESIDENTS.

*The Spirit of Service.* That individual who wishes to have himself has no place in the settlement family. No person should undertake more responsibility than he is physically able to carry. Our program should make for solidarity. No department and no individual can live unto himself. Remember that you are peculiar and so is everybody. Our antecedents, home training, education, religion is different. There must be a spirit of reciprocity. Let each bear and forbear. Our business is serious. Make haste slowly, but with marked progress. It is well to ask frequently "What am I accomplishing?" Measure your success by friendships cemented, opportunities offered, joys enhanced, personalities developed. Recognize human limitations, but pledge your faith to the religion of democracy which guarantees to every individual the consciousness of a place in society which is worth while.

*Efficiency.* Efficiency should be measured by something well done which is worth while. Details are essential. It makes a mighty difference in the working of our machine if you are a few minutes late in the keeping of appointments. No club or class leader should presume upon the time of any group without previous preparation. The essentials, then, which make for efficiency are Program, Preparation and Promptness. Failure in these nullifies a resident's or a volunteer's usefulness.

*Initiative.* Initiative is the demarkation between a man and a machine. Leadership demands initiative. In a very real sense, every resident is a leader. That something has not been done is no reason why it should not be tried. It is no failure in a settlement to have a carefully thought-out plan, which seems worth while, result unsuccessfully. We are committed to a program which includes experiments. Good sense and judgment also have a place in our curriculum. New plans, new programs, new ideas are always welcome. As in religion the guides are faith, hope and love, with emphasis upon love, so in the settlement the requisites for residents are initiative, efficiency and spirit, but of these the greatest is spirit. Not only do we covet spirit-power for each and all, but we expect it.

*The Survey.* *Henry F. Burt,*
Headworker, Unity House,
Minneapolis, Minn.


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